

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

FIRE MASS



So
+
G.
H.
+
7
6

A
BLIND
MAGICIAN
SEES
ALL

1

FOR MATURE READERS

KING UNICORN • I, BRAINEATER • RYAN ULRICH • CHET ZAR • DAN
HARDING • ERIC THOMAS BOSTROM • GRIM VISIONS • JESSICA
WARD • TALISSA MEHRINGER • PENÉLOPE HERRERA • M. STEPHEN
LUKAC • JOHN U. ABRAHAMSON • ERIC DINYER • RAYMOND
SALVATORE HARMON • SETH METOYER • MR. WHY • CLIVE
BARKER • DREW DAYWALT • SPIRITCAGE • ALATHEA
HOUSERIGHT • DEMODAWG • DAN BRERETON • FRATER
PUCK • Φ • VINCE PENDLETON • DON PENDLETON • SZANDORA
LaVEY • MEGAN JETT • JOHN PATRICK HANLEY • JEN LESTER • JEFF
FARLEY • ZANE CURFMAN • ANTONY LANE

ISSUE # 1

PUBLISHER/EDITOR/ART DIRECTOR/DESIGNER-SPIRITCAGE

COVER ARTIST-SPIRITCAGE

SATAN'S HELPER-VINCE PENDLETON

This zine was born from magic. Whether it was the spell that was cast by my love in life or by the great Alan Moore when he created his own zine and called for others to do the same I don't know. I do know that the concept of FIRE MASS turned some heads and got people very excited. My definition of magic is creativity and this first issue is bursting with it. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did putting it together. See you next issue.

-SPIRITCAGE

Copyright © 2010 by Violent Spirit Media. Individual works are Copyright © 2010 by their respective creators. All rights reserved.

All inquiries should be addressed to spiritcage@gmail.com

FIRE MASS is published quarterly.

FIRE MASS on the web: firemasszine.com

Dedicated to everyone I love.

FOREWORD

Not so long ago, this thing you're holding would have likely been a sheaf of photocopied (or, earlier still, mimeographed) pages with two big staples through the left side of the front cover that you *might* have been able to find in a headshop, a comic shop, or a record shop-- if somebody involved with its creation knew a guy. Distribution can be a headache.

This is the 21st century and we use the tools at hand for production and distribution, but our essence owes much to earlier generations of DIY zines.

Undying thanks to every single individual who contributed to this project; it's an amazing collection of work, representing the efforts of creators from a diverse assembly of backgrounds and locations and interests. To the professionals, we deeply appreciate the way each of you managed to work FIRE MASS into your schedules and hope your participation has been a rewarding experience. To those of you whose work is being set before the public for the first time, we share your excitement because this issue of FIRE MASS is a first-time exercise, as well.

And certainly, thanks also to you, the reader, for supporting this endeavor. If you've followed FIRE MASS's rapid-fire development (via Facebook, Twitter, or Myspace), you know that all the revenue we generate is going to be donated to an animal shelter. You're a participant in what we're doing, too. Let us know what you think. We'll be back this summer.

Vince Pendleton
April 2010



The Restless Dead



KING UNICORN

“Artists to my mind are the real architects of change and not the political legislators who implement change after the fact.”

-William S. Burroughs

“I think that storytelling and creation are very close to what the center of what magic is about. I think not just for me, but for most of the cultures that have had a concept of magic, then the manipulation of language, and words, and thus of stories and fictions, has been very close to the center of it all.”

-Alan Moore

“We are the facilitators of our own creative evolution.”

-Bill Hicks

“If you think you know what the hell is going on, you’re probably full of shit.”

-Robert Anton Wilson

“Let’s rock.”

-R.A.T.



MODOE REMEMBERS

I, BRAINEATER



1. BRAINEATER



THE BEGINNING



angered

RYAN ULRICH



Enlightenment

CHET ZAR





Burnt

DAN HARDING



Deaf before dishonor

ERIC THOMAS BOSTROM





Grim Visions



Anorexia Deity

JESSICA WARD



TORSO

TALLISA MEHRINGER



Parasite

TALISSA MEHRINGER

PIPE DREAM

BY Penélope Herrera

ART BY SPIRITCAGE

With sooted lungs the psychonaut rumbled through the belly of the beast, engulfed by her fractured wings, drifting and cascading through falling spores, dimmed in their crooked and scintillating structure. In his delusional vision, *The Shining* brushed his face with oblivion from bodily pain and decay. All the lies laid along with the Pallid Dame, on the brittle grass.

The dusk leaked lazy blots through the dusty panels, bringing along hollow flutters and rustling plateaus that sang soulless cadenzas, as his eyes, depleted in the dreamscape, burst in milky spurts tainting her ebony skin. Awakening, inward and beyond the blood pump, pumping up, up to the head, ear drum weeping as her scales crawled and shifted mirrors and lenses and refractions – a thousand eyed polyhedron caught in the avid crack of her gorged lips, malice and rouge, cloaked in crimson oleos and silky-worm drapes – the psychonaut like a jewel embedded in her feverish pupils. Fleeshy membranes echoing - every now and then- a drizzle would remind him of the tied limbs, the horned crown, the chimera ascending from the sludge of the most recondite circuit of the mind.

A gnawing noise draw his heightened senses to her murky hills: a blonde rat with pearly teeth, -tender pet- had nibbled through her shroud, exposing the mellow entrails of the Unnatural Dame, forcing the moaning and furry Dawn upon the conniving faces, junk and all, travelling in translucent shafts, flaked thoughts and glistening confetti. Deliciously painful, fusion unfolded in synchrony -even the last trace of lunacy- recoiled shapes, devoured features, giggling dental prosthetics and twisting meat, images heralding each other with a click, with a puff.

The next morning caressed him with streaks of noxious foxfires, glassy eye orbits crumbling down in the edgy hangover of San Pedro. Estranged under the scorching laughter of the Ashen Dame, the fiery flower-thousand eyed, blinding jewels- beckoned his frail mane, stirring the spectacle of her orgasm -- pitch black and ruddy bite pearling with purplish dots the gawking eye of the abyss.

Years (or moments?) later, a recollection of his youth crept up his varicose legs, perching like a mantle on his haggard mouth, damp and honeyed by the memory of her smooth locks -- the

hidden entrance to a violently enthralled flesh. Nonetheless, the spirit still lived within the lazy eyes, the pearly teeth, the waxy doll that he clutched with trembling and unnerved hands. With a transmogrified wince the figure in his hands dissolved, hauling him right into the ultimate wide eyed dream, as fumes of quaint shades smoked up from his bald top.

As apex between densities alloyed, a gruelling dream ignited hoary old-forgotten scares, ever-knocking slaggy silhouettes and twitching chords emerging from within the creaking stage, his persona transformed into scrawls and myths of underground snakes and she-imps. Sinews and bone followed a splintering recovery of the consciousness, the x-ray vision plummeting, almost slicing the contours of the ordinary into a *deus ex machina* dressed in mobius strips. He could almost taste the opiates drifting in molecules across vexed pores and arid tongues: moons swirled as her elongated features shimmered in tune with her eyes, blown away by the whimsical cry of god-like smouldering heads.

-Why, has he gone bonkers? – A rasping voice fuelled his recognition of time and space: visions of a peering serpent hidden in a dingy raincoat, lighted pipes and soft bodies surrounded by laughter and bobbing breasts- A chained reaction at a cellular level popped the hemispheric fuses as the spinal cords unpinned from the brain, dispersing in new configurations of congruent angles casting absconded rogues and dead fairies on the battleground. Grazed from all purpose, the psychonaut's body tumbled down just like worn garments, instantaneous drops of blood rolling in slow motion, thrust upon his awed physical memories, tingled lachrymals and bowels roaring the last litany of corporeity. A ridiculous hat of tin foil fell onto the dirty floor as she disappeared from the scene, wiping her horrid mouth swarming with sorrow, winged ecstasy.

The obligingly -but a tad fawning- doctor came after his tea. Diagnosis: too much opium in his charred lungs, no doubt, said examining a spongy and fragrant piece of clay that just was beginning to make a crust on the clammy lips of the psychonaut's dead body.

MISSION STATEMENT

BY

M. STEPHEN LUKAC

ART BY SPIRITCAGE

FUCKING HBO . . .

IN MY PREVIOUS LIFE, I WATCHED LITTLE TELEVISION. WHAT I DID WATCH WAS USUALLY BY ACCIDENT -A BY PRODUCT OF BEING IN THE SAME ROOM AS THE KIDS.

THE DUCALION KIDS WATCHED A LOT OF TELEVISION.

MAGGIE AND I READ MOST OF THE ARTICLES DESCRIBING THE DANGERS OF TOO MUCH TV. WE PASSED THEM BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE ALONG WITH THE SUGAR AND CREAM. SOME OF THE BETTER-WRITTEN ONES ALMOST MADE US CONSIDER LIMITING HOW MUCH VIEWING TIME RANDY AND SARAH RECEIVED.

EVERY TIME BULLETS FLEW IN A SCHOOLYARD, AN ARMY OF PSYCHOLOGISTS AND MORNING-SHOW FUNDITS DUSTED OFF THE EVILS OF TELEVISION RIFF AND PARADED IT ACROSS THE AIRWAVES. "VIOLENCE!" THEY CRIED. "OUR CHILDREN ARE SO INUNDATED WITH VIOLENCE ON THE SCREEN THAT THEY'RE ANESTHETIZED." OPENING UP WITH DADDY'S AK-47 ON THE PLAYGROUND HAS THE SAME EMOTIONAL WEIGHT AS OPENING A PUDDING CUP.

EXCEPT ONE'S A LOT MESSIER.

AS THE GENTLE STRAINS OF SMOOBY DOO, WHERE ARE YOU? DRIFTED IN FROM THE LIVING ROOM, MAGGIE WOULD LIFT AN QUESTIONING EYEBROW AT ME, SILENTLY ASKING, PHIL, ARE WE SCREWING UP OUR PARENTAL DUTIES?

JUST THEN, AS IF SHE POSSESSED INTERNAL RADAR THAT ONLY RECOGNIZED THREATS TO HER ACCESS TO THE CARTOON NETWORK, SARAH WOULD ROUND THE CORNER OF THE BREAKFAST NOOK AND WRAP HERSELF AROUND HER MOTHER'S LEG. WHEN MAGGIE LOOKED DOWN TO TROUBLE THAT CURLY HEAD, SARAH WOULD MURMUR "I LOVE YOU MOMMY" AND SCURRY BACK TO HER POST IN FRONT OF THE ZENITH. SATISFIED THAT WE WEREN'T HARBORING A PRE-SCHOOL SOCIOPATH, MAGGIE WOULD DROP THE EYEBROW AND ASK FOR THE COMICS.

OF COURSE, SARAH'S RADAR ONLY WORKED DURING COMMERCIALS AND STATION BREAKS.

I COULD ACCEPT THE ARGUMENT THAT OVEREXPOSURE LEADS TO DIMINISHED RESPONSE. HELL, I'D BE THIN AS A RAIL WITHOUT IT. I QUIT VOMITING AT THE SIGHT OF CORPSES A LONG TIME AGO. THE OLD-TIMERS I FIRST PARTNERED WITH EXPLAINED THAT THE EARLY ONES WERE THE WORST, THAT IT WOULD GET EASIER AS THE YEARS WENT ON, AND IT WOULDN'T HAVE, IF THE RANKS OF PSYCHOS OUT THERE HADN'T EXPANDED THEIR REPERTOIRE OF WAYS TO KILL. OCCASIONALLY, IN MY PREVIOUS LIFE, CREATIVITY STILL SCORED BONUS POINTS IN THE DUCALION BARF-O-RAMA SWEEPSTAKES, BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING BRINGING ON A COOKIE TOSS ANY MORE.

WELL, MAYBE ONE THING.

THE HOTELS I FREQUENT THOUGHTFULLY PROVIDE CABLE ACCESS AND A PLETHORA OF NIGHTTIME VIEWING CHOICES LONG PAST THE HOUR THE THREE STATIONS

OF MY YOUTH ONCE PLAYED THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. CNN REHASHES DAILY CARNAGE INTO THE WEE HOURS. BEFORE TURNING THEIR NETWORKS OVER TO LATE NIGHT INFOMERCIALS, THE DOCUMENTARY CHANNELS REPLAY THE EVENING'S CRIME-A-THONS TO SATISFY THEIR WEST-COAST AFFILIATES, SO ON MY INFREQUENT TRIPS TO LOS ANGELES, SPANISH SOAP OPERAS GET ME THROUGH THE NIGHT.

CINEMAX AND SHOWTIME OFFER FARE FOR SUBSCRIBERS WITHOUT ACCESS TO REAL PORN. IT AMAZES ME HOW MANY ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN ARE WILLING TO SHED THEIR CLOTHES AND SIMULATE INTERCOURSE ON CAMERA. IT SADENS ME TO THINK THAT MOST OF THESE GIRLS USED TO HOST TEA PARTIES FOR THEIR FATHERS, JUST AS SARAH DID FOR ME.

I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE WOMEN ON THE HARD-CORE CHANNELS AT ALL.

SADDER STILL ARE THE PROGRAMS SANDWICHED IN BETWEEN THE MOVIES ON HBO. SHOW ME A COLLEGE STUDENT WITH A CAMCORDER, AND I'LL SHOW YOU AN AD FOR A NEW HBO DOCUMENTARY. GRIFTERS ON THE MAKE. JUNKIES ON DRUG RUNS. PROSTITUTES WIRED WITH HIDDEN MICROPHONES, PLYING THEIR TRADE IN ANONYMOUS FRONT SEATS, THEIR JOHNS OBSCURED BY DIGITAL MASKS.

THE GIRLS AREN'T SO LUCKY. THEIR HAGGARD FACES STARE INDIFFERENTLY AT THE CAMERAS AS THEY PROFESS THEIR DESIRE TO KICK THE HABIT, ESCAPE THE STREET, OR GET BACK HOME. THE FATHER IN ME ACHES AT THE INEQUITY; THE HUNTER IN ME IS GRATEFUL FOR IT.

BEFORE THE TEACHER, I ENCOUNTERED THESE PATHETIC CREATURES DAILY. I HELD THEIR HEADS AS THEY CLIMBED INTO THE BACKS OF SQUAD CARS. I CHASED THEM ACROSS VACANT LOTS AND DOWN DARK ALLEYS. I ZIPPED THEM INTO BODY BAGS. AT THE END OF EACH SHIFT, I SHOWERED AND WENT HOME, FREE OF THE STENCH OF THE STREET AND ITS INHABITANTS.

I USED TO WONDER WHAT THEIR PARENTS WOULD THINK IF THEY HAPPENED TO CHANNEL SURF THEIR WAY ONTO AN IMAGE OF THEIR CHILD KNEELING BEFORE AN OPEN ZIPPER IN A DARK ALLEY WHILE THOUSANDS OF HBO SUBSCRIBERS LOOKED ON? I DON'T WANT TO KNOW, BUT I'M DESPERATE.

SO I WATCH.

I AM RELUCTANTLY REBORN. MY ONLY EXPOSURE TO THE STREET COMES THROUGH A SET-TOP DESCRAMBLER, BUT STILL, I CAN'T GET THE SMELL OUT OF MY NOSTRILS. MY SQUAD USED TO CALL ME A CRANKY BASTARD (IN A LOVING, FATHERLY WAY), BUT COLD PRAGMATISM HAS REPLACED MY CHEERFUL CYNICISM; RENTED SUITES HAVE BECOME MY ONLY HOME.

REMOTE CONTROLS ANCHORED TO NIGHTSTANDS SERVE AS MY ONLY COMPANIONS, UNLESS, LIKE TONIGHT, I HAVE COMPANY.

THE ARCHITECT OF MY NEW EXISTENCE WON'T PARADE HIS HANDWORK PAST THE LENS OF SOME WOULD-BE AUTEUR; THE AUDIENCE WOULDN'T BE BIG ENOUGH. BUNDY HUNTED A SPECIFIC PREY; THE TEACHER SEES THE WORLD AS A GAME PRESERVE. GACY BURIED HIS VICTIMS IN HIS BASEMENT; THE TEACHER TRANSFORMS HIS INTO AN ARMY OF DOPPELGANGERS. DAHMER ATE HIS VICTIMS' FLESH; THE TEACHER CONSUMES THEIR SOULS.

IF THE TEACHER WAS A MURDERER, I'D BE SAFELY ENSCONCED IN MY LAZ-E-BOY, TRADING SEDUCTIVE LOOKS WITH MARGE WHILE RANDY AND SARAH DEBATED THE RELATIVE MERITS OF THE SMOOBY GANG. IF THE TEACHER WAS A SADIST, I WOULDN'T CARRY 800 MILLIGRAM MOTRINS AROUND IN A PEZ DISPENSER. IF THE TEACHER WAS A CREATURE OF PURE EVIL, I WOULDN'T WORRY IF MY ACCOUNTANT REMEMBERED TO PAY WILSHIRE MEMORIAL GARDENS ITS MONTHLY VIG FOR PERPETUAL CARE -TIMES TWO, WHICH REALLY PISSES ME OFF SINCE THERE WASN'T ENOUGH BURIED TO FILL ONE CASKET.

INVESTIGATIVE REPORTERS CAN SIFT THROUGH EVERY COLD CASE FILE THAT EXISTS AND NEVER CATCH A WHIFF OF THE TEACHER. I READ EVERY BIT OF INFORMATION THAT COMES THROUGH WHODUNIT'S TOLL-FREE HOTLINES, AND I RARELY FIND HIS SCENT.

BUT IT'S THERE IF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SNIFFING FOR.

WHEN I WORE A BADGE, I SCOFFED AT THE NETWORK WANNABES WHO TROMPED THROUGH CRIME SCENES IN THEIR GUCCI SHOES AND MADE SOLEMN VOWS OF JUSTICE TO VIEWERS MORE INTERESTED IN AUTOPSY FOOTAGE. WHEN WHODUNIT STUCK ITS ASS INTO MY INVESTIGATION OF THE TEACHER'S OHIO RECRUITMENT DRIVE, I STAPLED THEIR BONA FIDES TO A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT'S CHEST.

WHILE I LAY IN THE HOSPITAL, AFTER THE TEACHER SACRIFICED MY WIFE AND SON ON THE ALTAR OF HIS INSANITY, THE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER OFFERED ME A JOB. I AGREED TO CHASE DOWN HIS FUGITIVES AND SOLVE HIS IMPOSSIBLE CASES. HE AGREED TO STAY THE FUCK OUT OF MY WAY AND GIVE ME WHAT I NEEDED TO HUNT DOWN THE TEACHER, PROVIDED I ALLOWED HIM TO TELEVIEW THE CAPTURE.

I'LL KEEP MY END OF THAT BARGAIN, BUT I PLAN TO PUT ON A SHOW THAT'LL MAKE EVERY NETWORK EXECUTIVE IN LA-LA LAND RECONSIDER THE WISDOM OF LIVE BROADCASTS.

FOR NOW, I CHAIN SMOKE AND CHANNEL SURF THROUGH THE DARK HOURS, FOLLOWING THE INTERACTIVE CHANNEL GUIDE LIKE A MAZE, SEARCHING THE LISTINGS FOR REALITY PROGRAMMING. TONIGHT, I FIND A TWO-HOUR SPECIAL REPORT ON TEENAGE RUNAWAYS THAT STARTS IN FIFTEEN MINUTES, AND FIFTEEN MINUTES IS PLENTY OF TIME TO SILENCE MY RELUCTANT ROOMMATE AGAIN.

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE ON THE SHOW IF I HAVE TO LISTEN TO THAT MOANING.

I OPEN MY TOILETRIES BAG AND PULL OUT THE CUSTOM SILENCER, WHICH FITS PERFECTLY INTO THE BARREL OF MY BERETTA. A HOTEL ROOM IS RELATIVELY SOUNDPROOF - ESPECIALLY ONE DESIGNED FOR GUESTS ON A HOLLYWOOD BUDGET - BUT WHY TAKE CHANCES. ANOTHER INJECTION FROM THE DAGO BANG-BANG MACHINE WILL SEND THE CHICKEN HAWK BACK TO NEVERLAND, AND I'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE THE HBO UNDERCOVER SPECIAL THE ATTENTION IT DESERVES.

ONCE IT'S OVER, I'LL WAKE THE GIMP IN THE BATHTUB AND SEE IF HE HAS ANY INFORMATION TO BARTER. I'M SURE I'LL BE ABLE TO PERSUADE HIM; HE'LL STILL HAVE ONE KNEECAP LEFT.

I'LL INFORM HIM THAT A FANCY CANE WILL ENHANCE HIS IMAGE, MAKE HIM LOOK SUAVE WHILE ADMINISTERING A BEAT DOWN TO ONE OF HIS GIRLS IN A BACK ALLEY, LIKE HE WAS DOING TONIGHT WHEN I FOUND HIM. I'LL POINT OUT HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO RUN A STRING OF JAILBAIT FROM A WHEELCHAIR.

I USED TO BE A COP; I KNOW THESE THINGS.

AS I HEAD TOWARD THE BATHROOM, I HEAR THE STATIC THAT HERALDS THE BEGINNING OF AN HBO-PRODUCED SPECIAL. I CHECK THE CLOCK ON THE NIGHTSTAND. IT READS TWELVE MINUTES TILL THE HOUR. FUCKING HBO HAS JUMPED THE GUN.

THEN I REMEMBER THAT PAY CABLE WORKS ON A DIFFERENT CLOCK THAN THE NETWORKS, AND THAT ON-SCREEN GUIDES TEND TO IGNORE THE DIFFERENCE. SUDDENLY, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO RECITE THE EVENING'S MENU TO BATHTUB BOY; HE'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THE BLUE PLATE SPECIAL.

I'LL CORRECT THIS OVERSIGHT LATER.

I'M BACK ON THE BED BEFORE THE OPENING MONTAGE FINISHES. THROUGH THE MIRACLE OF FIBER OPTICS AND THE GRACE OF CABLE TELEVISION, I'M BACK ON THE STREET. I STUDY EVERY FACE THAT PASSES THE CAMERA - EVERY DETAIL IN EVERY BACKGROUND.

SEARCHING.

THE CAMERA WON'T CATCH THE TEACHER, BUT IT MIGHT CATCH HIS TRACKS. EVEN THE MOST CUNNING ANIMAL WILL LEAVE A TRACE IN HIS WAKE - SPOOR FOR THE HUNTER TO FOLLOW. A TWENTY-SEVEN INCH SCREEN WON'T DELIVER MY QUARRY, BUT IT MIGHT LEAD ME TO MY GRAIL.

ON THE LAST NIGHT OF MY PREVIOUS LIFE, THE TEACHER MADE TWO MISTAKES. FIRST, HE DIDN'T FINISH THE JOB. NOW THAT MAY SOUND LIKE BALLS TALKING, BUT I THINK THE GIMP IN THE BATHTUB WOULD DISAGREE. THERE ARE COUNTLESS STREET-LEVEL SERVICE PROVIDERS SPORTING WALKING STICKS THESE DAYS.

IN MY NEW LIFE, I GET AROUND.

THE TEACHER KNOWS THIS. HE NEEDS THIS. I EXIST AS JAVERT TO HIS VALJEAN. HE'S TRIED TO PROVIDE HIS OWN COSETTE, BUT THAT WAS HIS SECOND MISTAKE.

SARAH IS MINE, NOT HIS. NO MATTER WHAT ATROCITIES HE'S PERPETRATED, SHE IS MY STILL MY FLESH. REGARDLESS OF HIS MANIPULATIONS, HER BLOOD IS STILL MY OWN, AND BLOOD CALLS TO BLOOD. IT CALLS ACROSS THE AIR. IT CALLS ACROSS MILES OF CABLE.

IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE, SHE'LL WAIT. SHE'LL FIGHT. SHE'LL FLEE. SHE'LL HIDE IN THE NAMELESS CROWDS THAT POPULATE THE STREET, KNOWING THAT I'LL NEVER STOP LOOKING.

SO I WATCH.

FUCKING HBO.



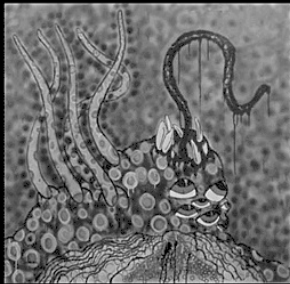








ERIC DINYER



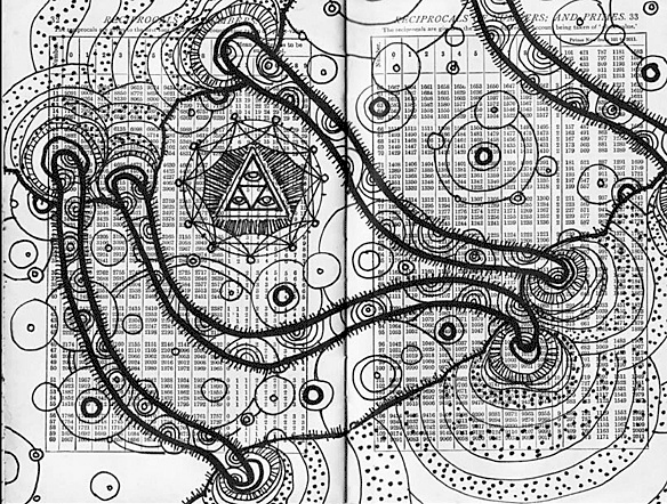
Brother Dunwich



Mother Dunwich



Hand of Glory



Psyche Beast



Panmoth King



Father Dumwich

WHY I LOVE HORROR

BY SETH METOYER

My fascination with horror officially began in 1980, when I was a mere six years old. I had just started kindergarten and was expected to get up early to catch the bus to school. One morning I awoke early (on purpose) before my parents got up and snuck into the living room to watch some "Rated R Movies" that were still playing from the late night schedule on HBO. I was probably hoping to see boobs or something, but instead I saw a clown type figure chasing a screaming girl through a train with a huge butcher knife. The movie was *Terror Train*, and the victim of course was Jamie Lee Curtis.

After that, watching scary movies seemed to come easier and easier. By eight, I was watching *American Werewolf in London* and by ten, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. Somewhere in between all this, my parents were raising me in a conservative Christian home. I noticed that I was drawn to stories of carnage and violence in the bible. I thought the story of Judas hanging himself and his bowels exploding on the ground was awesome, but I don't think most of my conservative acquaintances shared my enthusiasm.

Throughout high school I was drawn to darker imagery, movies, music and art. I always felt like an outcast, but it didn't actually bother me. I spent a lot of time in my room jamming to Slayer, Cannibal Corpse and Metallica. Also at this time I started researching older dark artists such as Francisco Goya, Francis Bacon, and William Blake. All that influence inspired me to pursue graphic design as my profession.

In my twenties I started using graphic design programs such as Photoshop to design mock covers for bands, as well as learning the guitar and writing dark music. I was fortunate enough to get work in the music industry and book publishing industry as a graphic designer, which I have been doing professionally for over 15 years now. Eventually I had to cave to the corporate side of design, because that's where the money was. In turn, I started designing dark art on my own time as a means of creative expression.

I continued to read dark horror books and watch horror films into my thirties, including a lot of true crime work about serial killers. I always found Ted Bundy the most interesting serial killer on many levels and even wrote a song titled "Bone Season of '76" which was inspired by Ted Bundy. On a related note, it always stuck with me that Jeffery Dahmer's favorite movie was said to be *The Exorcist III*, which is one of my all time favorite horror films.

As of 2010, I have designed many dark art pieces, successfully designed in the music industry, have written and recorded a Death Metal album for the band Mangled Carpenter, and kicked off the website *MoreHorror.com*. The later being a project that I have been meaning to launch for years and finally got around to this year. The website was created to pay homage to horror and its vast creative universe that has always inspired me.

Seth Metoyer is a Dark Artist and the Editor of *MoreHorror.com*.

MoreHorror.com

SethMetoyer.com

seth@morehorror.com





KABUKI

MR. WHY





STAR CHEST

CLIVE BARKER

THERE WAS A TIME

(for Robb)

There was a time
When all the world,
And sky and stars
And the dark between the stars
Was called holy,
And shown its simple due.
The shore and sea were deities
And every rock and shrub
And scrap of earth blessed
And blessings both;
Honoured with prayer or dance
Or a bowl of the morning's milk.
And those that gave
The prayer, the dance, the milk
Saw their devotion given back
By those invisibles
Who turned the moon,
And coaxed the corn from seed.

--

If the Great Form of the Universe

Is indeed enshrined in the unfurling fern

And in the scalp that rounds

Above this thought,

What Doctor of Doubt

Or Prince of Popes

Can claim to better comprehend

The vital work between us

And all things that are

Not us, until we name them,

Than those who

Called the tide

And saw the silver stars

Rise us to greet their nets

When they had thanked

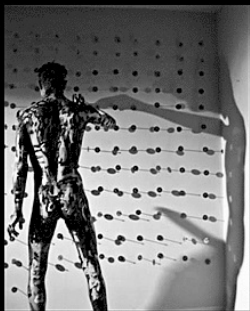
The sea with song?

Clive Barker,

2009



CLIVE BARKER



Steve speaks to the oracles





CLIVE BARKER

WORDS-DREW DAYWALT

DRAWINGS-SPIRITCAGE



THE STRANGE LITTLE GIRL CRAWLED DOWN FROM THE TREE
AND SAT UP ON HER SPINDLY REAR LEGS.



MIDNIGHT. THE SOUND OF THUMPING AND RUMMAGING IN THE GUEST BEDROOM WOULDN'T BE TERRIFYING IF SHE HAD A GUEST...

The Dark Side of Faeryland

A Brief History of Faeries and Humans

BY ALATHEA HOUSERIGHT

Long ago, the faerie realm and the human realm co-existed much more closely than they do now. Humans respected nature and faeries, and would leave frequent offerings for the faery folk, in exchange for blessings or assistance from them. The human also started to realize the power of the faeries, and feared them as well. Not all faeries were so accepting of the invading humans upon their land, and could be malicious towards them. Others were feared because their appearance was foretelling of tragedy. Over the years, the humans relationship with the faeries diminished. The humans began to advance in their technologies and lost respect for nature and the lands of faery. Eventually, the faeries retreated into their realm, rarely appearing to the humans as they once did. Today, faeries have become the subjects of children's stories and Disney films, represented as tiny people who flit around on glittery wings, sprinkling faery dust. However, the actual folklore surrounding faeries and humans is a much darker story.

The exact origins of the faery race are unclear, but the earliest stories seem to come from ancient legends of Ireland, Scotland, and England. Some believe the faeries to be of two races, one being of spirits, and the other of fallen angels. Early descriptions of the faeries include hugs giants, fierce warriors, gruesome trolls, and noble courts. By the middle ages, stories of faeries existed in almost every culture, and they were known by many names and many types. The faeries of the medieval times are where many of the legends we know today originate from, and when the humans began to fear the faeries and their power, and enacted customs to ward them off or appease them.

In Scottish folklore, if a human was deserving enough, by showing respect and kindness for nature, animals, and other people, they could be lucky to have a Brownie make a home with them. Also called House Brownies or Little Men,

they were described as very small male dwarves with pointed ears, who wore little suits of brown, blue, or green, and caps of felt. Once they found a comfortable home, they would reward their host family for their kindness to them. The family would give them warmth and foods such as milk, honey, ale, and cake, in exchange for the Brownie helping out around the house or farm, and warding off ill-meaning spirits. However, the Brownies only assisted those who were pure of heart and intention, and did not tolerate liars and cheats.

Not all legends were about kind faeries however. Many cultures tell stories of faeries who would kidnap human babies, and replace them with gasty faerie changelings, which may have been mutant outcasts of the faery realm, and take the human child back to faeryland to raise in its place. The changeling was almost always described as ugly, scrawny, and ill-mannered, who would scream and whine and devour food with an endless appetite that would never enhance its sickly appearance. Often times, the changeling would die shortly after, and the parents would never be aware of their own child being raised in the Realm of Faery. However, if the parents suspected the changeling, and picked it up with a red-hot shovel and threw it into the chimney fire, their real baby would be returned unharmed.

Travelers were wary of faery spirits as well. Irish legend tells of the Pooka, a shapeshifter that most commonly appeared as a huge black horse that breathes blue flames and had eyes of yellow fire. It came out at night and ruled all the roads. It would lure men for a ride, then take off at breakneck speed and plummet the rider into a ditch or over a cliff to their death. Kelpies were another ill-meaning faery spirit that human travelers feared. These shapeshifting water faeries could appear as female horse-like creatures, offering the weary traveler a ride across a river or lake, or a handsome young man to lure a young woman, only to drown its victims.

Other types of faeries were feared because of their premonitions of death. Banshees, named after the Irish word for "faery woman", meant no harm by their simple appearance. However, if her wailing cry was heard (called keening), it meant the impending death of a mortal, usually of those with the purest of Irish heritage. She is described as tall and pale, with long white/grey hair and cloak, and red eyes from endless mourning. The Black Angus, or "Cu Sith" were huge black or green dogs that

roamed the moors at night. It was said that they only presented themselves to those who were about to die, and that certain death would befall the witness within a fortnight.

Horrible stories of evil faeries caused fear and superstition among the humans. Faeries were blamed for drought, disease, and many other ill-happenings. By the 1700s, tales of faeries, witches, and goblins started to appear in children's stories. Children were taught lessons of good and bad based upon the faerie legends and principles. As technology advanced, the humans began to lose their connection with nature and animals, and thus with the faery realm.

Today, faeries are widely considered myth. The faeries stay mainly invisible to humans, and most humans are completely oblivious to anything else other than the man-made routine of their daily lives. But the faeries are still here. Their presence can still be felt in a woodland clearing, a sparkling stream or even your own garden. They are more wary of us then ever, but with a little respect and an open mind, we can learn to communicate with them once again.





ALATHEA HOUSERIGHT

Zombie Faery Night

The wind howled through the skeleton trees
On that frightful cold October night
As they headed down the twisted path
Illuminated by the pale moonlight

They knew better than to take the road
Leading through the graveyard on the right
The folly would have scared their mind
If only they had survived the night

She could feel the evil hunger grow
As they started to enter the site
Lurking eyes hiding in dark shadows
Watching silently the approaching delight

It all happened so fast, they had no chance
To escape their fate and take flight
One moment they stood alone among the tombs
The next they were surrounded by the blight

At first, she could not even move
Shocked and paralyzed with fright
It wasn't until she saw the blood
And felt the sharp pain of the zombie bite

Her companions torn apart before her eyes
She was horrified by the sight
The zombies would not take her easily though
She wasn't going out without a fight

But fighting them back as hard as she could
She was still no match for their might
Bones crunching...gnawing...ripping...biting
Then all started to fade into the light

The last thing her oozing brain could think
Before it faded away into eternal night
The stories she had heard and not believed
Cost them their lives. They were right



THE SPOOK

DEMODAWG



soul corpse



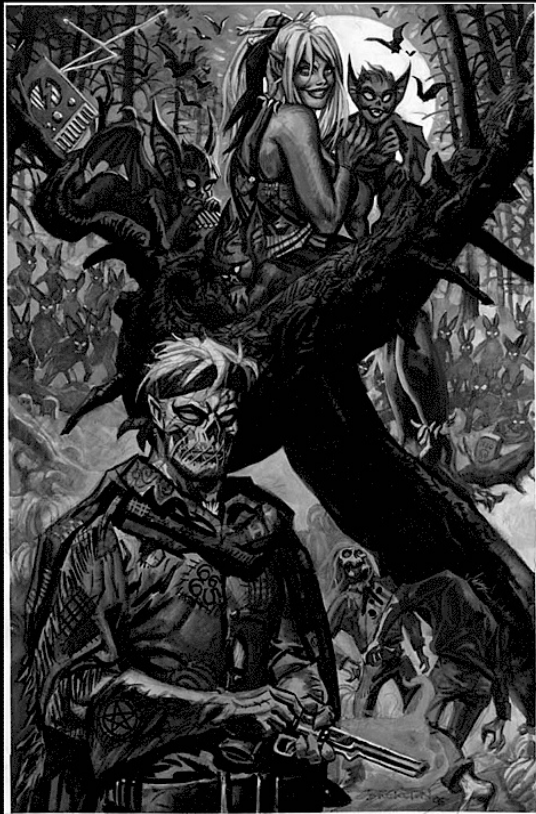
HOMICIDE GALS



VAMPIRE PRINCESS

DAN BRERETON





QUEEN REVENANT

DAN BRERETON



DAN BRERETON

GHOSTTOWN

- LIFE AFTER SUNDOWN -

8208

DAN BRERETON

The Magical Diary of Frater Null

A Record of Annihilation

Portions presented here by Frater Puck

Quotes from the work of Aleister Crowley are Copyright Ordo Templi Orientis

Note: This is an account of True Horror, falsely so-called. See at as an invitation, or a warning....you decide....

"The so-called "Oath of the Abyss", is a corrosive encounter with Chronozonic forces inside the personality. It is not something to be undertaken lightly"-Grant Morrison

"Should one rashly dare the passage, and take the irrevocable Oath of the Abyss, he might be lost therein through Acons of incalculable agony"- Liber Thisharb, Aleister Crowley

"And if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.", Nietzsche

March 13 at just before Sunset
Sol in Pisces, Luna in Gemini

Some stormy weather...showers beckoning, lightning flashes and Thunder...echoes of Liber A'ash....and Baphomet....the Clouds are dark and yet the electric pulse of the flashes seem to make the outline sparkle and glisten....

"I am Baphomet, that is the Eightfold Word that shall be equilibrated with the Three.

There is no act or passion that shall not be an hymn in mine honour.

All holy things and all symbolic things shall be my sacraments.

These animals are sacred unto me; the goat, and the duck, and the ass, and the gazelle, the man, the woman and the child.

All corpses are sacred unto me; they shall not be touched save in mine eucharist. All lonely places are sacred unto me; where one man gathereth himself together in my name, there will I leap forth in the midst of him."

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

No more hesitation. This is the day. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, so...Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram

As I whirl about the Temple, the Quarters feel the presence of the Elements....Fire crackles in the South, Water rushes in the West...Air and Earth...the Archangels stand ward the four points....

Effect strong. The Light descends. The Temple is pristine. The Six-Pointed Star is within the midst.

Fear of hubris is no longer present. Now is the time. Liber Librie..."Humble thyself before thy Self, yet fear neither man nor spirit. Fear is failure, and the forerunner of failure; and courage is the beginning of virtue."

I prepare to invoke Annihilation...

But first, Purification...

Lustration with Water..."For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect." Liber AL vel Legis contains the Supreme Spells.

Incense of resinous woods and gums...I fume the Temple, the smoke pervades all my senses, and the four corners of My Universe. I consecrate myself, and this Temple, that IT may be built....and then destroyed....

It is now Sunset. I begin with a Fire Mass, The Mass of the Phoenix.

My breast bare, I stands before an altar on which are his Burin, Bell, Thurbile, and two of the Cakes of Light. In the Sign of the Enterer he reaches West across the Altar, and I cry

"Hail Ra, that goest in thy bark
Into the caverns of the Dark!"

I put my finger to my lips, taking the form of Silence. I strike the bell, I light the flame, and I utter the mysterious Name:

ABRAHADABRA

I utter the Supreme Spells from Liber AL vel Legis. I burn the First Cake for incense. The bell is struck eleven times. I gash the sacramental sign in my chest. The blood bubbles out, eager.... I staunch the wound with the Second Cake and Eat.

Do What Thou Wilt....

Oh, sweet irony. To be reborn into Life, only to be Annihilated....but, such is the Way....

I anoint myself with the Holy Oil. The smell of Cinnamon, Galangal, and Myrrh fill me, and the Burn upon my Brow is Ruby Red Glow of....revery overtaking.... must stay focused. Danger lies in the lack of a firm foundation....must keep my balance....but the Energy is Swelling within ME

I'm momentarily overtaken by an image, not unlike the verses from Liber Stellae Rubrae.... "I am Apep, O thou slain One. Thou shalt slay thy self upon mine altar: I will have thy blood to drink.

For I am a mighty vampire, and my children shall suck up the wine of the earth which is blood.

Thou shalt replenish thy veins from the chalice of heaven.
Thou shalt be secret, a fear to the world."

I feel fear.... swooning, but with an awe more akin to terror than Love....I pause....I assume my asana....I remember to BREATHE....

And I remember, "Thou shalt be exalted, and none shall see thee: exalted, and none shall suspect thee.

For there are two glories diverse, and thou who hast won the first shalt enjoy the second.

I leap with joy within thee; my head is arisen to strike.
O the last, the sheer rapture, of the life of the snake in the spine!
Mightier than God or man, I am in them, and pervade them.
Follow out these my words.

Fear nothing.

Fear nothing.

Fear nothing.

For I am nothing, and me thou shalt fear, O my virgin, my prophet within whose bowels I rejoice.

Thou shalt fear with the fear of love: I will overcome thee.

Thou shalt be very nigh to death.

But I will overcome thee; the New Life shall illumine thee with the Light that is beyond the Stars.

Thinkest thou? I, the force that have created all, am not to be despised.

And I will slay thee in my last."

I recover....and now....THE OATH

I review the Diary....the bedrock of my Work....I review my working of Liber Thishab; and the Three Questions....I'm ready....

I, I, Frater Null, a member of the Body of God, hereby bind my self on behalf of the Whole Universe, even as we are now physically bound unto the cross of suffering:

II. that I will lead a pure life, as a devote servant of the Order:

III. that I will understand all things:

IV. that I will love all things:

V. that I will perform all things and endure all things:

VI. that I will continue in the Knowledge and Conversation of my Holy Guardian Angel:

VII. that I will work without attachment:

VIII. that I will work in truth:

IX. that I will rely only upon myself:

X. that I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my Soul.

And if I fail herein, may my pyramid be profaned, and the Eye closed to me.

I invoke Annihilation. The sign of Silence...The sign of the Enterer...The sign of Apophis and Typhon.

I behold Babalon, descending....she rides on the BEAST. The ruddy glow of her Cup of Fornications draws me forward....my mind is swirling....thoughts flood my mind, dispersing my sense of Life, Death, Self....who am I? Where am I? What is I?

I focus on the formula I A O., and the I within the Pyramid, for it is the City of the Pyramids whence I go, when I am no longer I.

I'm WHITE....like a White Rose among a sea of Red Roses, I am White for all the Blood is draining from me....in to her Cup....mingling with all the Blood of the Saires.

I resist the contradicting and contrary thoughts flooding my MIND. Choronzon is HERE. I will let it ALL GO....

My life is leaving me....I am leaving ME....I hold not back one drop of my blood. I lose my life to the Universal Life.

My brain is dumb....my Heart beats no more....

Wait....something is wrong....

Is that Fear I feel?

NO!

I lie here broken, drenched in blood,
My life in pools, my soul a flood,
My heart is now my enemy,
With every beat, it's leaving me.

It hurts to breathe, it hurts to cry.
My heart is open to the sky,
Emptying my ruined shell,
Each beat, eternity in hell.

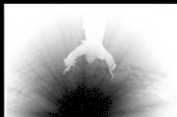
I don't pray for death, I'll see release,
No sleep for ever, or rest in peace,
But drowning in the blood, I fly away,
one of the Saints, beyond decay.

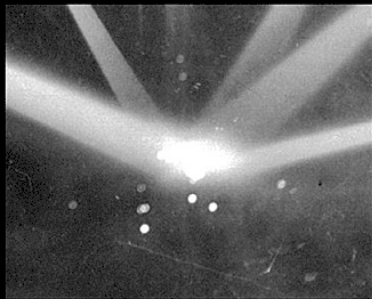
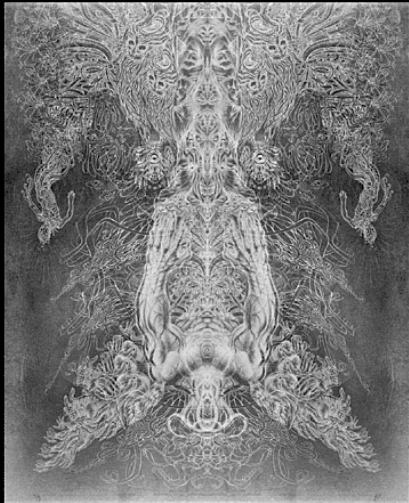
Blood as black as night emerges,
My heart my broken body purges....

....the blood runs into her Cup, as she rides, astride a Seven Headed Beast....there is no I....none....all is gone for the Love of Babalon....

Great birds appear and feast on my Flesh. My bones whiten in the Sun.

Dust lost in dust in the City of the Pyramids....





HELLO
MY NAME IS

Acting
Satan

SATAN FOR A DAY

BY VINCE PENDLETON

ART BY DON PENDLETON

The guy behind the Olympus Mart pharmacy counter had said "This'll take about fifteen minutes, and we'll call for you over the intercom when it's ready," so Aaron Abbot grabbed a little blue plastic shopping basket and took off to fill it to kill some time. He browsed the short aisle with the new paperback books, but everything had either shiny foil covers with flowers, or orange and black covers with crosses and mushroom clouds.

There was nothing he actually needed, so he stocked up on a few things he knew he'd eventually use, Deodorant, toothpaste, light bulbs, batteries, disposable razors, aspirin for the all-too-frequent headaches. He idly wondered if the lag time between dropping off the prescription slip and the actual filling of the prescription was a clever corporate Olympus Mart sales ploy and momentarily considered putting everything back.

As he stood contemplating his possible manipulation, a thunderous voice cut into the canned 90's-flavored muzak™ and boomed over the storewide intercom system, "PRESCRIPTION READY FOR SATAN."

Aaron frowned. Fifteen of his twenty-five years on this earth he'd spent as a devout atheist, but he questioned the wisdom of such a proclamation here in Olympus Mart, where the majority of his fellow shoppers were equally-devout Baptists who had initially protested the construction of an Olympus Mart here on their home turf because of the unGodly connotations of the name. The would-be comedian would probably be fired so fast his ears would bleed, and Olympus Mart would most likely be encouraged to make "community goodwill donations" to the larger churches of the area to stave off a full-scale boycott.

And then Aaron thought, Well, my prescription's probably almost ready and I should cruise on back over to the pharmacy counter, and it's not like I want to see this poor idiot get fired—I've got a legitimate reason to be there.

So he took off, little blue basket of goodies swinging in his left hand. The black-and-white tiled floor gave him the feeling he was moving across a massive chessboard.

Oddly, there was no one else at the pharmacy counter. Aaron had expected a noisy cluster, perhaps a lynch mob. But even the counter itself was unattended. He whacked the little bell twice with his palm.

A door behind the counter opened up, and a large Asian-looking gentleman in a tuxedo emerged, grinning hugely. His bow tie and cummerbund were an eerie crimson which gleamed in the fluorescent light. The tie and cummerbund set off his eyes, which were the same color.

"Satan!" the big man said enthusiastically. "It's nice to meet you, Your Majesty. I'm Fisher, your attendant. We should probably get started—you're in for very exciting twenty-four hours."

Fisher came through the little Employees Only half-door of the pharmacy counter and merely slapped something onto the front of Aaron's red t-shirt, which until scant moments ago had been a bright shade of yellow.

Upside down, Aaron read what had been attached to his shirt. It was a white rectangular decal, a cheap convention nametag. Printed on it in precise black capitals were the words HELLO MY NAME IS and underneath, in flowing red script, Acting Satan.

"Um," said Aaron. "Is this some kind of joke? Because it's kind of funny, but

you're going to get us both beat up when all the Fundamentalists show up here over your little "prescription for Satan" crack."

"Nonsense, Your Highness. This entire plane of reality has been timefrozen—with the exceptions of you and me and the Acting God and his or her own attendant—for five minutes, as per the acknowledged rules. You are, naturally, entitled to a little time to adjust to your new powers and responsibilities without any interference from outside sources." Fisher dusted at something on his tuxedo sleeve with large, well-manicured fingers, then picked a piece of lint from Aaron's shoulder. "Pay close attention, and listen carefully, with no doubt in your mind. If I sense any doubt, I'll be forced to kill you on the spot and find someone else. And I really don't like to kill people," he said with a shrug, "but it's a job requirement, you know? My hands are tied, and all that. So: you are going to be Satan for a day. Do you accept this as reality?"

Something in Aaron's mouth tasted like hot pennies. Another glance behind the counter, it didn't look like he'd be getting his medication anytime soon. He dropped his basket to the floor with a clack.

"Okay. I guess. As bizarre as this is, I'm onboard. Is it too much to ask you to try to be really convincing?"

"Of course not. You're Satan. You can have anything you wish."

"Cool," Aaron said. "Fill me in."

"All right," Fisher cleared his throat, then let his eyes focus on a blank spot a little above the top of Aaron's head. He began to recite, like a schoolboy with a memorized poem.

"Reality, as humanity perceives it, is fashioned wholly from active and subconscious urges which manifest at all times as matter and energy. Everything in existence is here because it has been, at some point, imagined. This includes not only material objects but also events and Abstracts, the latter of which includes everything which doesn't fall into either of the two previously-mentioned categories." Fisher looked into Aaron's eyes. "You with me so far?"

"I'm getting a headache, but otherwise yeah," Aaron said.

"In an effort to keep things in motion, The Universe, in its infinite self-interest, has proclaimed that there should be conflict. Triumphs and defeats. Victories and losses. For everybody, including those persons who, for whatever reason, at any given moment, are not contributing either actively or subconsciously to the overall of the ongoing process of the Creation. As such, the domains of Good and Evil, to use simplified terminology, are represented each day by a Universe-selected agent to enforce his or her own will upon the earth as governed exclusively by the acknowledged rules and his or her own conscience."

"And today I'm Satan?"

"Indeed you are," Fisher said.

"Why me?"

"We're going in alphabetical order."

"Oh. So who or what is actually in charge? At the highest level?"

"Subject to change at any moment, Your Majesty, and that's all I can really say on the matter."

"Oh. Well, I believe you—mostly because I don't want you to kill me—but I believe you. Let's get started, I guess. What are my powers and responsibilities? Do I have to keep the trains running on time in Hell, that kind of stuff?"

"Essentially, you're omnipotent, although you have to consciously think about your powers to utilize them, and they are secondary in respect to those of the Acting God's. Also, your every action must in some fashion be motivated by evil intent. And you mustn't violate any of the acknowledged rules."

"Swell. What are the acknowledged rules?"

"If you violate any of them," Fisher said, his grin turning frosty for a scant second. "I'll certainly let you know. Shall we begin?"

"Sure," Aaron pondered. "This is tough. Any suggestions?"

"Start small," Fisher said. "Start with things you know."

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

"She lives here? You sure?"

Fisher and Aaron were standing in the shade of a sprawling sugar maple tree, one of several in what was obviously a professionally cared-for front yard. Before them was an expansive modern two-story house with a four-car garage.

"Absolutely. Alberta Colling, white, female, age thirty-two, wife of Hawkins Colling, a prominent area psychiatrist. Mother of two small children, ages two and four years old, respectively."

"That's got to be her," Aaron said. "That fucking bitch fucking tailgated me for twenty miles on I-79 last Saturday, then whipped around in front of me and slowed down to like forty. When I tried to pass, she started laughing as I pulled alongside her and romped on the gas and kept pace with me so I couldn't get by. She was probably doing a hundred and twenty, and neither one of those kids was in a child seat. And she was drinking coffee and talking on her cell phone."

Fisher nodded. "Ripe for punishment, sir. Show her a little evil."

"I want to be invulnerable to physical harm before I do this. It's going to involve pyrotechnics."

"You don't need to tell me about it. Just think it."

Aaron concentrated. Inside the garage, Alberta Colling was loading her kids into the same new Mercury she'd been showing off in last week. When she keyed the ignition, the car erupted in a spectacular blast of flame and metal. The other two cars in the garage, a mini DeSoto and a new Lexus, blew also, and they flung the garage apart like so much ragged shredded wheat. Aaron and Fisher stood in the debris and the expanding fireball unharmed as the fire spread to the house.

"Shame about the children," Aaron said, "but she would have killed them eventually anyway, driving like that."

"You don't have to justify your actions to me, Your Majesty," Fisher said. "You're Satan, remember? Bad things are what you do."

"Oh. Listen, Fisher, when my twenty-four hours are up and all of this is over, will I be subject to any form of punishment? Eternal damnation, that kind of thing? Upon reflection, I guess I should have recalled that before I blew up a house and murdered three human beings. As I recall, there are laws and a commandment concerning what I've just done."

"In answer to your question, no. You can't be punished. Who'd punish you? There's a different God and Satan every single day, remember? Also, when your twenty-four hours are up, you will have no memory of anything you've done. For your own good, you understand."

"Sure. But what about the person who's God today? Won't he get pissed and come after me for fucking with his constituency?"

"Her constituency," Fisher said, looking at the screen of the smartphone he'd removed from within his tux jacket. "And she'll be far too busy today doing good to feed with you, unless you attempt something cataclysmic. For example, she's already given a researcher in Chicago a few subtle subconscious hints that may eventually lead to a cure for the AIDS virus."

"May?"

"A lot of humans struggle with the notion of omnipotence. She apparently hasn't adjusted to the notion that she can do anything she chooses, as long as it benefits someone. She's thinking like a human, and in her mind she came up with the notion of helping someone come up with a cure, rather than eliminating the disease altogether. But, the AIDS virus was brought into being years ago by an acting God who felt it was his responsibility to purge the earth of homosexuality and rampant copulation among the unmarried. There's always the possibility that some later Acting God or Acting Satan could simply mutate the virus such that it was resistant to whatever cure might present itself. Or create a new virus. So whatever she does might conceivably be undone, unless she specifically wills it otherwise."

"Wow. That's pretty fucked up, Fisher."

"Different people react differently to omnipotence, and everybody has an agenda. The opportunity to be God or the Devil requires a lot of thought."

"Could I eliminate the virus? And cancer? And Alzheimer's? Like forever, with no possibility of them ever manifesting again?"

Fisher shook his head.

"Only if you replaced them with something worse. You're supposed to be doing evil things, not things to benefit humanity."

"That sucks."

"It's the way things are."

"I guess. Come on, then. Let's go do some more evil."

"Years ago," Aaron explained, "that motherfucker blacked my eye at a party." He was pointing at a short, stout, dark-haired young man roughly his own age. The man was wearing a BurgerQuik uniform and half-heartedly sweeping fast-food debris into a waiting dustpan several yards away from the booth Aaron and Fisher were sharing.

Fisher slurped noisily from his large soda.

"I'm beginning to see a pattern emerge here, Your Highness," Fisher said. "Revenge."

"Is that a criticism?"

"Just an observation."

"Okay. Because if I'm not doing a very good job, I want you to tell me."

"I will."

"I mean, if I'm going to be Satan, I should be a good one, right?"

"The absolute best you can be," Fisher agreed.

"Okay."

Aaron reached out with his mind.

"Oh, wow," he said. "This is too convenient to waste."

"What is?"

"Keep watching my target and wait for about two minutes."

The stout young man with the broom kept sweeping. His name, Aaron recalled, was Erik.... Something. In college, he had been enormously popular, the proud owner of a classic cherry hot rod, the front man for a marginally successful bar band, and an all-around asshole. Now he was just another shop-stocked minimum wage drone, doing what he could do to get by. One night in some long-forgotten acquaintance's apartment, he'd walked up to Aaron and popped him right in the eye, then run off to his hot rod to depart, his-a Dick-me-blow, away.

A masked man with a gun in his hand came through the door of the BurgerQuik. Patrons screamed through mouthfuls of chewed burgers. The masked man emptied sixteen rounds into the Erik. Somebody, blasting ragged meek, clunked off him. The bloody broomhandle clunked to the floor just before Erik. Somebody himself. The gunman looked confused for a moment, then turned and fled back out the door.

Aaron looked across the table at Fisher. As people screamed and scrambled around them, he said "That guy with the gun was originally just going to rob the place. Not bad, huh?"

"Not bad at all," Fisher said. "Improvisation is the key to success in many areas."

"He's probably wondering why he didn't think to get the money."

"Say," Aaron said, "I was just wondering..."

"Yes?"

"Can I like, manifest myself somewhere? In front of people? You know, put in a personal appearance as the Lord of Darkness?"

They were riding up alone in an elevator in an enormous mall in the American Midwest for no other reason than that Aaron had never seen the place but had always wanted to. Fisher was eating caramel corn from a huge round cardboard bucket.

"Assuredly."

The elevator stopped on the third floor. People standing by the door as it opened saw a tall tufted man with a blonde crewcut step out, followed by a seven foot red-and-black monster with long, curved horns and protruding saliva-dripping fangs. Five senior citizens dropped dead from heart failure on the spot, and a store manager on lunchbreak shit his pants.

"Satan walks the earth!" the monster bellowed, raising a knotted fist skyward. "The end times are approaching! None of you need worry about going to Hell! I'm going to bring Hell to you!"

And with that, the monster and the tufted man vanished in a blast of heated, brimstone-reeking smoke... but not before a young girl who'd come to the mall to buy a new camcorder with her birthday money clicked off a quick shot for her Myspace page.

"That was pretty evil, I thought," Aaron said. "I mean, people died and stuff. Plus, the survivors will have nightmares, and probably need therapy, and I've probably done all kinds of economic damage to that place's reputation. Plus, it'll probably make the network news, or at least the internet."

"You're not being graded," Fisher said. "You don't have to convince me that what you've done is evil. You just have to believe in your own heart that what you've done is bad."

They were lounging in deckchairs at a large public pool. Aaron made lewd comments to the occasional bikini-clad teenage girl who walked past. Fisher looked perfectly comfortable in his tuxedo, but had removed his socks and shoes.

"Maybe I'm just trying to convince myself," Aaron said. "I mean, I like to think I'm basically a good person. I'm kind to animals. I don't shoplift or make prank calls. I hold doors open for little old ladies. I pay my bills on time when I have the money. I don't drink. I don't scratch my ass in public, and I've never fucked a married woman in my life."

"Point being?" Fisher said, wriggling his toes in the sun. He produced a pair of sunglasses from inside his jacket, snapped them open, and eased them down onto his face.

"Point being here I am, traveling around killing people, scaring people, destroying property..."

"And?"

"And it's bothering me. What right do I have to mess up and/or terminate another person's life?"

Fisher sat up. He raised his sunglasses so they rested on his forehead.

"Hundreds of thousands of people do it every single day. Don't you read the newspapers? Don't you have a television or computer? You're hardly a pioneer. It's the great enigma of the human race that inside each individual resides the

potential for the ultimate purity and the vilest atrocity. Free will, you see."

"Huh. But what about the afterlife? Do the Just pass on to Some Great Reward, and the Wicked suffer the Torments of the Damned?"

"Nothing like that, actually. In truth, currently, at the moment of death an individual's life essence rejoins the Life Force which permeates Reality. No reincarnation, or memories of past lives, or anything of that nature. Eventually, the life essence gets recycled into another living being. Some God or Satan may change that, someday."

Aaron sat up, too.

"But that's outrageous! I mean, if people knew that, I think there'd be a lot more crime and depravity. You know—if they weren't afraid of being eternally punished for their actions."

"Perhaps," Fisher said, sliding his sunglasses back down across his eyes. "Are you going to tell them?"

"Probably not," Aaron said.

Abnorpely there was a buzzing inside his head, a white noise, like a cheap radio between station tunings.

Say, Fisher, Aaron said, "there's a noise in my head."

Fisher put his socks and shoes back on, put away his sunglasses, and stood.

"I've been wondering if this was going to happen today. You're being prayed to, or being summoned by a magic spell."

"No shit?" Aaron said. "Let's go see what's up."

"Of course," Fisher said.

"But first," Aaron said, snapping his fingers, "a little low-key evil as a parting gift."

Simultaneously, every piece of swimwear on every female in the pool over the age of eighteen vanished.

Fisher raised an eyebrow.

"I just sent all those bikinis to the surface of Mars," Aaron said.

Women and girls shrieked and ran. Men and boys hooted and clapped. Five senior citizens suffered heart failure, and a gas station manager who had the day off fainted, fell into the pool, and drowned because the lifeguard had run off to the women's dressing area.

"That was pretty good," Aaron said.

"It will certainly live up any future Mars probes," Fisher said.

"If I get bored later, I may try it on a global scale. Let's go see who's praying."

In a damp dark basement in Kentucky, a fat, acne-faced teenaged boy knelt over the tiny body of a young kitten he had just sacrificed in the name of Satan. He hadn't quite been able to bring himself to torture it, so he'd just stabbed it a few times with his mother's kitchen knife until it stopped meowing and moving.

His parents were vacationing at Myrtle Beach.

"Come to me Satan!" the fat boy howled.

The kitten's body rested on a crude wooden altar the fat boy had constructed in a shop class. On either side of the dead kitty there burned a black candle, and the boy himself was clad in black from sole to neckline. He was wearing a pentagram pendant on a black shoestring around his neck and numerous pentagram earrings in both ears.

"Come forth, Satan!" the fat boy bellowed. "I command you!"

Aaron Abbott, Satan, stepped out of the darkness, Fisher close behind.

The fat boy held up the bloody knife menacingly.

"Who the fuck are you?"

Aaron whacked the knife out of the fat boy's hand. It sailed into the opposite wall.

"Who the fuck do you think I am, lardass? You fucking called me. Did you just kill that little kitty?"

"You're not Satan. You're some nut who broke into my parents' house, and I'm gonna call the police."

Aaron snipped his fingers. The fat boy's long, black-dyed hair went up in a rushing puff of flame.

"OWWWWWWWW! GODDDAMMMTTTTTTTTT!" the fat boy screamed.

He tenderly probed his scalp with spread fingers.

"Who am I, dickhead?" Aaron said.

"Lord Satan, the muhmuhamMaster of duhduhduhDarkness."

"Very good. And what are we doing here today?"

"I just performed a subsummation ritual. Accckkkkkording to my bulbook, you're supposed to be bulbound to my wulwill and gubgubgive me anything I wulwant."

"I see," said Aaron, nodding. "And what exactly do you 'wulwant', fat boy?"

"I want money. And power. And pussy. And I want revenge on all the people who make fun of me."

"Hm. People make fun of you, you say?"

"In droves."

"Well, look at yourself! You're a goddam WEIRDO! You're fat, you've got a shitty complexion, you need a bath, you're dressed funny, you're sitting here in the dark worshipping Satan, and you just for Christ's sake killed a helpless baby animal! Goddammit, you're a FREAK! I'm surprised somebody hasn't put you on television so the whole WORLD could have a chance to make fun of your sick fat loser ass!"

Aaron leaned down and slapped the kid in the face, hard enough to raise a red, hand-shaped welt.

"You fucking make me sick. You're nowhere NEAR cool enough to worship me. So here's what's gonna happen. You listening?"

"YuhYes, sir."

"Okay. You're gonna start bathing more often, and maybe brush your teeth once in a while. You're gonna get some Zitraway for that greasy hunk of lunar landscape you call a face. You're gonna go on a diet. You're gonna purchase an entirely new wardrobe consisting of clothes which aren't all black. By the time you've done all this shit, your hair will have started to grow back, so you're gonna go out and find a job. I don't give a fuck if it's a job you really hate. And you're gonna bust your ass at that job. You're gonna be the best there fucking is at it in the whole wide world. And then, you're still not gonna get any of that shit you asked for, because you're a dikko, got it? And if you ever try to worship me again, your genitals will explode."

The kid covered. Aaron took a deep breath.

"AM I UNDERSTOOD?" His voice shook the house. Drinking glasses rattled in upstairs cupboards.

"Yes," the fat boy whispered meekly.

"Good. Now get your fat ass upstairs and put some ice on that burnt head."

The fat boy rose and pounded up the stairs. Aaron heard the basement door lock click shut.

"That guy was a total cliché, a walking stereotype. I mean, I've never met any Satanists before, but he pretty much was the personification of what I thought Satanists looked and acted like."

"He wasn't a real Satanist. Real Satanists don't actually worship Satan, as such."

"Well, I guess that was punishment for being a poser, then, too."

Aaron knelt by the kitty and looked up at Fisher.

"Can I bring this kitty back to life?"

Fisher sighed.

"You can do anything. But I must warn you: restoring dead kittens to life falls more in the domain of God than that of Evil. There may be consequences."

"Hm. Say," Aaron said, standing up and cradling the dead kitten in his arms, "you think maybe I could get an audience with the Acting God? Maybe see if She'd bring this kitty back to life?"

"It's a thought," Fisher said. He peeled back his left sleeve and checked his watch. "We might catch Her finishing Her lunch if we hurry."

"So, anyway," Aaron said, stirring his coffee, "you seem really cool, and I think maybe we should go out sometime after we're not God and Satan any more."

"That might be fun," the Acting God said, distractedly. Her name was Aami Abbott. She was the manager of a Hallmark store which, amazingly, was only seven miles from Aaron's own hometown. Aaron thought he might have seen her before.

The two of them were at a small café in Los Angeles, sharing an outdoor table in the sun. A breeze kept things comfortable. Fisher and Aami's own attendant, who looked very much alike, were chatting over by the bar.



Aaron was petting the now-living kitten, who was licking away enthusiastically at a saucer of milk and dropping some of it onto the tabletop.

"Such as?" Aaron asked.

"Well, for one thing, I was told that after our twenty-four hours are up, we wouldn't remember any of this. So that would kind of preclude the getting together part."

"I may have that covered, okay? I'm Satan. I think I'm going to try to bend the rules a little. What else?"

"Well," she said, lowering her eyes. "Also, I don't think any of this is real... any of it."

"It's pretty far-fetched," Aaron said, "but it seems pretty real to me. Watch this." He snipped his fingers. A gleaming red collar materialized around the neck of the kitten. From the collar depended a silver, heart-shaped nametag which read "Lazarus" in fancy flowing script.

He touched the nametag.

"Feel it for yourself. It's real."

"No. It's not just that."

She took a napkin and wiped condensation from the sides of her glass of iced tea, raised it for a sip.

"When this... person, creature, whatever... drafted me to be God, I was told two seconds from a head-on collision with a semi truck. I think all this is happening in my mind right before I die. Or maybe I'm trapped in the wreck and this... all this is just chemicals and electrical impulses in my brain. Or I'm dead, and this is what the afterlife is like. But it's not what's really happening in my life."

"But see, I'm here too. And I'm alive, and definitely real. I've spent my entire life being a real live person, so I can tell."

"But you're the Prince of Lies," she said. "So even if you aren't some figment of my imagination, what are the odds that you're telling the truth? Aren't you 'evil incarnate'?"

"I haven't done anything especially evil since all this started. Mostly I've just kind of used this as a license to be an asshole."

Aaron leaned forward.

"Wait a minute—how are you still alive if you doubt that what's happening to us is real? My attendant told me right when we stated that if I didn't believe what he told me, he'd have to kill me."

"Well, I'm dead either way, so I didn't think it mattered all that much. Just as soon as our 24 hours expires, I'm right back behind the wheel of my car and then that's it." She looked down into her tea. "I hope it doesn't hurt."

Aaron picked up some of the French fries on his plate and swirled them into the neighboring dollop of ketchup.

"Well, you're God. Can you change it or something so you don't die? Make some kind of loophole?"

"I'm going to look into that right now." Aami's brow furrowed and she stiffened. She shook like the passenger in an electric chair.

"I've just had a realization," she said. "In fact, I know something you don't."

"What's that?" Aaron asked through a mouthful of chewed fries. He scratched Lazarus under his chin. The kitten purred.

"As God, my will is absolute. Period. I've only now realized what it means to be omnipotent. Whatever your attendant told you about some kind of rules or a higher power or whatever? It's all lies. There aren't any rules beyond what I decide. These two attendants have been on autopilot for hundreds of years as a result of some kind of religious or mystical upsal which took place right around the time of the Spanish Inquisition, which resulted in the need to draft a God and a Satan every day because the original ones aren't around any longer."

"How exactly did you arrive at that conclusion?" Aaron asked her. He looked around for their waitress, didn't see her, and materialized himself a big slab of chocolate cake and a glass of milk. He poured some of the milk into Lazarus' saucer. "I mean, Fisher hasn't been very forthcoming with any thing. And I have not exactly been worrying about it, you know? I figured I'd just do my duty and serve my time and have a little fun and then go back to my regular life."

Aami snorted.

"I just now used my omnipotence to grant myself comprehensive understanding of this entire experience. It just so happens that in my real life, I'm extremely religious. One of the reasons I didn't believe in any of this is that I was finding this whole day to be a colossal blasphemy, so a few seconds ago I granted myself complete knowledge of how all this was working."

"That has to be a major head trip, to see that everything you've based your faith upon was completely wrong."

The light breeze had intensified. Napkins on their tabletop flapped like wings.

"Yes. A head trip. But now that I know, I'm going to fix it. I'm going to make everything right."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I've just decided that when this is over, when we go back, things are going to be different. They're going to be the way I've always believed them to

be."

"God, the devil, heaven and hell, like in the bible?"

"Just like the King James Version," Aami said, nodding. "It's what pretty much everyone believes in, anyway."

"Everyone who's a Christian, you mean?"

"You have an issue with that? Oh, you would, of course, being the devil and all. By the way, although for some reason I haven't been able to see everything you've been doing, I did see you kill those people in that garage. You're going to my new hell for that, unless you repent."

She's nuts, Aaron thought. *Um... I don't suppose you can read my mind?* he thought at her. *You have a great rack.*

No response. Well, now.

Are you serious? I mean, 100%-will-not-change-your-mind serious?"

"I am. I'm not going to be God myself. That would be wrong. I've already set things in motion such that when our time is up, my new world will be ready to go without me... for what time there is left."

Aaron was getting another headache. He made it go away.

"Time left?"

"I'm initiating the End Times. The Apocalypse. Everything from the Book of Revelation."

Aaron picked up Lazarus from the table and placed him on the ground. The kitten's nametag made a jangling noise as he padded off.

"Okay, I have a couple of questions," Aaron told her. "If you're God, and have absolute power, why not just make the entire universe one big amusement park? A utopia, with no pain or disease or suffering or poverty or hunger or..."

She wasn't listening. She was looking into the sun.

"This was what was foretold, and the way things are meant to be," she said, in a voice not entirely her own. People from nearby tables had started to stare.

And to think I wanted to go out with her, Aaron thought.

"Things are in motion," she continued. "In a very short while, this will be irrevocable. At the end, I'll be in Heaven with all my friends and family. I'll get to see my grandparents again."

Tears were streaming down Aami's face.

"It's going to be beautiful."

Aaron considered. Her new reality would, in fact, be precisely what a lot of people had considered reality to be all along. But the part about the apocalypse...

No. Not even. Too much to do. Too many things left to experience, too many goals to even establish, much less realize.

She was looking at Aaron, but he was looking at something else. A mosquito, hovering near her face.

"It sounds pretty amazing," Aaron said, with as much Sisyroam enthusiasm as he could muster. He steered the mosquito toward her cheek, then stretched out his mind a bit further and guided Lazarus (who'd been earnestly stalking another mosquito) back towards their table.

The mosquito lighted in her tears and bit. Aami brushed at it and it buzzed away. There was a tiny drop of blood mingling into her tears.

Bingo, Aaron thought. Mine.

There was a loud, wet shattering sound as Lazarus head-butted a full pitcher of beer off the surface of the table directly behind Aaron and Aami's. As it hit the ground, Aami started, stood, and turned to see the source of the noise.

For just a second, at the sound of the smashing pitcher, there had been the merest glimpse of sanity in Aami's eyes. But it was too late for her now, because Aaron had a double-barreled twelve gauge shotgun in his hands, and he fired both barrels at the back of Aami's head.

Diners screamed but the initial screams were drowned out by the shotgun's twin booms.

It took an awfully long time for Aami's practically headless body to fall, and Aaron briefly feared that she was going to turn around again and unleash the wrath of God on him. Her body took her chair along with it as it fell.

Fisher and Aami's own attendant had come rushing over at the boom, horrified looks on both their faces as their gazes roved from Aaron to Aami's body and back. Diners were shrieking and colliding with one another in an insane pachinko frenzy to get far away, and fast. Plates smashed, silverware clattered, flesh was trampled.

Aaron stooped to pick up Lazarus and place him on his shoulder.

"What have you done?" Fisher said, pointing a quivering finger at Aami's body.

"Apparently I just killed God," Aaron said. "But it seemed like the thing to do at the time."

"You've done nothing of the sort," Fisher said. "I... don't know how, but I can feel the presence of God. It's... it's all around me. This is..." he searched for a word. "Unprecedented. And... and you're still the devil. Sort of. There's another presence..."

"I'm really having a tough time with all of this," Aaron said. "I think I just want to go home and take off my shoes and think. Anyway, I have to go to work tomorrow."

There were sirens in the distance.
"The apocalypse is coming," Aami's former attendant said. He could have been Fisher's twin, or a clone. He was wringing his hands.
"At the moment, I'm more worried about the police. I guess I could just generate an army of demon warriors or some such and have some kind of blockbuster movie showdown, but I think I'm going to go home. And you guys are coming with me."

Aaron blinked.
He was back in front of the pharmacy counter at Olympus Mart. But the attendants were there with him, and Lazarus was still riding on his shoulder. He felt extremely self-conscious holding the shotgun, and wilted it away into the ether.

"So one of you cosmic dickheads give me the lowdown," Aaron said. "I'm a bit leery of attempting to absorb the understanding of what exactly just went down, given what happened to the last person who tried it."

Fisher's twin pulled out a smartphone and looked at the screen.

"You may not like it much, Your Majesty."
"I'm not going to ask you again."
Fisher sighed and nodded at his twin, who proceeded to rattle off data from the smartphone.

"That woman I was helping-- whom you killed-- was in the process of recreating reality from the first day of existence. You disrupted the process before completion."

"That much I figured out."
"Well, she was drawing from the Akashic Records without knowing exactly what she was doing or how she was doing it. So reality is imperfect."

"Same as it ever was," Aaron said. "Did I stave off the end of the world, or what?"

"Not entirely. But since you killed her before she could sort out what she wanted to keep and what she wanted to leave out, everything is real now. Everything. Magic. All the religions and sects and pantheons of legend. Superstitions and folklore. Only..." he read more from the smartphone. "There are holes. So it's not everything after all. And it's not... this is all very confusing. You are still the devil. And the end times are on their way."

"Okay. But if I'm the devil, why aren't I in Hell? Unless this is Hell."

"There's another devil. A more traditional devil, the real one, if you will. The fallen angel who dared challenge God, etc. etc. And God exists. God exists in the way He is perceived by... He is... unknowable. He's watching us! HE'S WATCHING US!"

"So... is he happy? Displeased? I don't understand."
Fisher snatched the smartphone from his duplicate's hands.

"I can't believe I'm reading a text message from God," he muttered. "Flattering, and terrifying. He says that since you are responsible for Him being around, you can fulfill your role, which will apparently be to keep doing what you've... been doing? You've slipped

through the cracks."
"Great. What about you guys?"
"We're human. He says that in our pockets are money and credentials to help us establish our lives as normal people. Our services are evidently no longer required."

An Olympus Mart employee stepped up to pharmacy counter from the back.

"Can I help you, gentlemen?"
Aaron looked at the pharmacy worker.

"Do you have a prescription for Abbot?"
"Let me check. I'm afraid you're going to have to take that cat outside."

"No way," Aaron said, smiling. "And you're going to give me my prescription for free."

"Yes sir. The cat stays, free pills, got it."

Aaron, careful not to dislodge Lazarus, stooped to pick up his blue plastic tote, which was right where he'd left it. He handed it to Fisher.

"If you guys are gonna be human, you're gonna need this stuff. Maybe you can hit somebody in here up for a job application."

The pharmacy attendant gave Aaron his pills.
Aaron started to walk away.

"Where are you going?" Fisher asked.
"If you need to contact me for anything, just Google me, or think my name really hard," Aaron said. "I'm going to get Lazarus some food and try to figure out how to prevent the end of the world."



Q AND A WITH SZANDORA LaVEY

INTERVIEW BY ALBERT ALCALA

Albert Alcala: Bring up Satanism and images of animal sacrifice, ritual murder & blood orgies come to mind thanks to decades of lurid media reports along with assorted trends in music and pop culture. The better informed know it contains none of that and has little to do with the Christian belief of The Devil. With so many misconceptions what exactly is Satanism?

Szandora LaVey: Satanism is a little different to everyone that practices it. I can give you a generalized statement of what Satanism is but how a Satanist applies it to their everyday life is up to them. Satanism is about being in control of your life and your surroundings. By being aware and using Satanism logically, you are able to live your life the way you want without regret. You will know how to destroy your enemy and how to use compassion to help the people you care about, never wasting time on losers. Some Satanists make all of this happen by using rituals and some are lifestyle Satanists. I, myself am a Ritualistic Satanist.

AA: Witchcraft has seen a rebirth in recent decades thanks to a variety of philosophies and New Age movements. Yet unlike Neo-Pagan inclined Wicca most think of, Satanic Witchery embraces femininity as a force unto itself. What does it mean to be a modern Satanic Witch?

SL: Modern Satanic Witchery means that a woman can do all the things a man can but still stay feminine. Satanic Witchery is about using your sexuality and femininity to your advantage. Whether this means using your femininity to land that job you have wanted, to beat an opponent, or finally seduce the object of your desire. Satanic Witches need to understand fashion and sexuality so as to apply them to everyday life. It's very important for a Satanic Witch to study people and how the layers of their personalities work. That knowledge is needed to gain our advantage. Satanic Witchery doesn't just apply to women who practice Satanism. It also applies to those who follow its principals that were once men. I think that anyone with a feminine nature can practice modern Satanic Witchery.

AA: What elements of Anton LaVey's The Satanic Witch made the deepest impact on you? How did the Satanic Rituals involved in his work weave into your day-to-day life?

SL: The Satanic Witch made a huge impact on me, not because the principals inside were a mystery, but because I was already applying most of them to my everyday life. The best part was that it helped me fine tune and customize my Witchery, which is important for all Witches to learn. One chapter that particularly struck my fancy was The Secrets of Indecent Exposure. It explained how to use The

Law of the Forbidden to your advantage and overcome your fears of embarrassment. This contributed tremendously to my career as an erotica model and outspoken Satanist. It teaches how to take negative energy and turn it into positive energy so it benefits rather than hurts. To control this part of your inner self, you have to get to know yourself (both the good and the bad). Controlling positive and negative energy can help you attain whatever you want in any situation. My whole life is a ritual. Everything that I do, or want, I make happen. The outcome may not be immediate but it does happen.

AA: As the internet matured so did the outlook on the Satanism Anton LaVey founded. Numerous self-styled Satanic organizations rose and fell as a result. Does Satanism need rigid organization or do individuals for themselves better define it?

SL: Satanism has never needed an official organization. Satanism has been around before Anton LaVey popularized it with the Church of Satan and Satanic Bible. I believe that Anton did a courageous and wonderful thing by educating Satanist and non-Satanists alike about what Satanism actually is. Since his death, the Church of Satan has turned into a circus and the punch line to various jokes. An obsolete caricature of what it was supposed to be. The only thing I think could save it is if Xerxes (Anton LaVey's son) takes it over. I hear he's a lot like his father, in that he is charismatic and articulate, which are very LaVey traits. It's hard for people who are interested in Satanism to actually understand what it is by researching online. There are so many sites with conflicting opinions and information that it's very misleading. Especially when a site is based on worshiping The Devil as a deity, which is NOT what Satanism is about. The future and resurgence of Satanism lies within the people that practice it responsibly and rationally. That said as Satanists we do need to foster a community that supports rather than quickly judges. One needs to make an effort to learn about and get to know other Satanists. If after that, they still prove to be ass clowns, then by all means kick them to the curb.



TANTRIC EYE-GAZING

By: Megan Jett

The art of Tibetan "gazing" (Gayashi ho), is one that is often over-looked by modern magic practitioners. When mastered, this ancient technique can help focus one's sight to a point of almost tangibility.

In my formative years as a rogue magician, I heard many natural adepts call this process "spirit-walking". This term has astral undertones, which is apt since when one practices gazing, they are dropping into that state of consciousness which facilitates astral/sidereal/dream-body experience.

First try gazing with yourself in the mirror:

Find someplace comfortable with a mirror at eye-level.

It is helpful to use a space illuminated with candle-light or moonlight.

Slow your breathing. It may be helpful to try the four-fold breath (inhale for four beats of the heart, hold for four beats of the heart, exhale for four beats, hold out for four beats, repeat).

Try not to blink as much as possible.

Draw your attention to one object and focus; in this case, it may be helpful to gaze through/into your left eye.

Do not allow your eyes to close, nor make them too wide; just allow the lids to feel heavy, and the peripheral sight to get fuzzy.

After a few minutes, the scene in front of you will grow dark, at this point keep focusing, out of the darkness will emerge faces/visions.

As with any meditation, do not analyze your experience in the moment, wait until the session is over. Try not to judge your experience even if the images are alarming.

Next, try practicing with a partner:

Start out the process in the same manner (center with breath), but make sure you place a candle between you and your gazing partner, or to the side, illuminating both your faces rather evenly.

Continue using the same technique with the eyes, let the energy build up around and between you.

Gaze into one another's eyes.

If the flow is taking awhile, imagine that you are in

the space halfway between the two of you; both focus on pulling out to that space and meeting there.

In this state, light bodies can be connected; one can merge "blueprints", so-to-speak, with another soul. Entire packets of information can be downloaded into the gazing participants' auras, electromagnetic fields, axiotonal grids, etc...

To gaze with fire:

Center, focus on breath, be careful not to have the flame too close for comfort.

Relax, and stare with a soft gaze at the fire.

Visualize the fire is in the center of your mind.

Let it dance and change form, if there is a question or something you are seeking hold that in your thoughts.

Images/objects/shapes will take form. If you have to, close your eyes and let the after-image on the back of your lids take forms.

Just as in dreams, when analyzing scenes or visions, keep in mind personal symbolism plays a large part.





AS I LAY DYING



RATS IN THE WALLS



LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

JOHN PATRICK HANLEY



OBLIVION DOG

BY SPIRITCAGE



PART ONE: JIMMY CAT SAYS



JIMMY CAT
HAS THINGS
TO TELL YOU.



HE
SAYS
A DARK
WIZARD
LIVES IN
YOUR OLD
DREAMS.



HE SAYS THAT THE
DARK WIZARD SENDS
YOU MESSAGES IN
YOUR NEW DREAMS.



LOTS OF BAD SPIRITS COME TO
YOU IN YOUR DREAMS, DON'T THEY?
THEY MOCK YOU AND TELL YOU TO DO
THINGS OR ELSE SOLDIER TOM WILL
HAVE HIS WAY WITH YOU.

RIGHT.
R TOM. HE
O PUT THE
E IN YOUR
E LIKES TO
E KEY.



KILL ANOTHER WHORE FOR ME? YOU'VE
KILLED HOW MANY NOW...ELEVEN? LET'S
GO FOR NINETY-THREE.

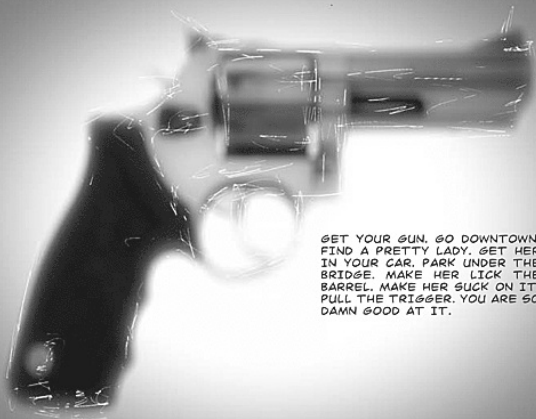
LIAR

WHAT?!? YOU WON'T
DO IT ANYMORE?

WHAT?!? YOU WON'T
DO IT ANYMORE?

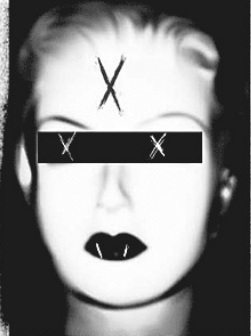
YOU THINK YOU'RE A MAGICIAN. YOU THINK
YOU CAN TAKE US ON. EVEN IF YOU WIN THIS
WAR YOU WILL BE DESTROYED.

[illegible]



GET YOUR GUN. GO DOWNTOWN.
FIND A PRETTY LADY. GET HER
IN YOUR CAR. PARK UNDER THE
BRIDGE. MAKE HER LICK THE
BARREL. MAKE HER SUCK ON IT.
PULL THE TRIGGER. YOU ARE SO
DAMN GOOD AT IT.

BAD VAMPIRE WOMEN.



YOU ARE DOING YOUR COMMUNITY
A SERVICE.



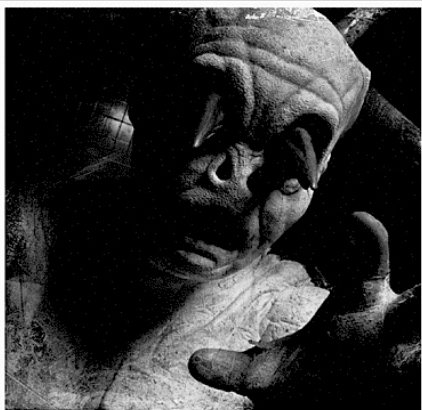
SO BAD...



CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE.

THE CREATURE CORNER!

THE CREATURE FX OF JEFF FARLEY



FIRE MASS ASKS: WHO IS ZANE CURFMAN?

I am a Kurak Akulleq on the fourth rung of the Alto Misayoq priesthood. My tradition comes from the Q'ero Indians of Peru. The Q'ero live, as they have for thousands of years, in traditional villages high in the Andes Mountains. They are considered the living spirit of the Inka, because they still practice one of the purest forms of the spiritual tradition that came to height during the Inka Empire.

This spiritual tradition is called "The Kausay Puriy" and means to walk, or navigate, the living energies of the universe. To the Inka, and other Andean people, all of life in it's simplest form are interwoven strings of vibrating energy. All events that occur also have an energy aspect. This may sound very cryptic, but in fact is quite simple. It is a tradition of natural mysticism; very wash and wear. Your own experiences guide you. I strive to act like a bridge, and to bring this sacred way of life to the modern world; to pass down the knowledge, wisdom, and techniques of psycho/spiritual development to the western mind. By taking an introspective look at our life, we can develop the capacity to experience these living energies and evaluate the quality of these exchanges. Eventually, this leads to the ability to actually see the living energies and follow them through time. All magic is, basically, the finding of the wave of energy that brings us closest to our intended goal and following it. This is known as "dreaming the world into being".

Many spiritual seekers and new agers in the west try too hard. They forget the number one rule: It's a cosmic game. Even when you are performing healing for the terminally ill, it's still play. Memorizing all the metaphysical treaties and formulas in the world will do you no good if you forget this basic understanding. Many in the west are searching for enlightenment as a solution to all of life's ills. No matter how "spiritually advanced" you are, unpleasant things can still happen. Enlightenment is simple; it's honoring your life the way it is. Enlightenment does not have the side-effect of material success. Many of the teachers I have worked with could perform some amazing feats, but were dirt poor. This is not to say that the poor are more spiritual than the rich, but to clarify that economic standing and success has nothing to do with our spiritual standing. Enlightenment only gives you the conscious power of choice; to approach your life from the perspective of joy and wonder, or foreboding and fear.



You see, everyone has their own path. My job as a teacher is to help people clear their path. I can give others some toys to play the cosmic game with, and set them out on their path.

I am an Andean priest and healer; founder of the Salka Munay Ayllu, through which I host workshops and retreats. I teach the Andean spiritual tradition and healing arts. The Salka Munay Ayllu also holds sacred journeys to Peru, to work with the Q'ero Masters. A portion of all proceeds from Ayllu events are put into a fund and given directly to the Q'ero Indians.

Hey Antony, I'll keep this a bit loose and fresh as much as possible. First question I have for you is what attracts you to the horror genre? When did it grab a hold of you?

The horror genre has always been there since I was a kid. I remember going through a phase where I had to see all the video nasties, it drove me insane to hear about all those banned movies and not be able to see them, but the movie that really stuck to me from the first ever viewing until now has to be *Dawn of the Dead*, it's a movie that contradicts everything I believe in, poor cinematography, poor acting, poor makeup & yet it is my all time favourite horror film. I think what the film lacks in real production value it gains in great characters and a very claustrophobic atmosphere, there is always the fear of letting your guard down & being bitten or attacked. I have to say this and *Day of the Dead* are real influences on the direction I have taken my debut movie *Invasion Of The NOT QUITE* Dead.

I too remember the first time I saw *Dawn*. I was struck by how brutal it was. Same goes for *Day*. Your movie is a bit special in that you're getting funding for it from the fans themselves. What was the impetus to take that route?

Very brutal, but I think that's another thing that makes *Dawn* so good, it was an independent film, it wasn't on a mission to be a (V) or (PG 13) rated movie in order for it to cash in, it was all about being true to itself, they thought of a brutal gore scene & they made it happen, it was George's vision & not a studios & that can make a lot of difference to how a film turns out... but going back to your question, when I began promoting *INVASION* in 2007, I did so at the same time as developing the script. I figured why not spread the word, get people excited whilst I was sat at a computer writing it, over the next couple of years, it gained a HUGE cult following. HUGE, the buzz on the internet was incredible, celebrities began supporting it, horror sites, magazines & newspapers began talking about it, and then last year I decided to have a go at doing something unique, I figured if there was so much buzz about the film on the net & fans wanted to see it made, then maybe, just maybe they would pre-order it and I could fund it that way, it was actually only by fluke that I decided to join Twitter, which has been the real heart to the project, initially I joined Twitter so I could give fans updates in real time, but when word spread about what I was doing, and in the first week, I had over a thousand followers, and about 20 or so of them bought a pre-order, I had to re-evaluate my strategy, to now include making Twitter my main part of call to attract pre-order producers. Thanks to Twitter, I have sold 470 pre-orders of the movie, with packages ranging from £10-£1000, selling to 18 different countries and so far raising over £17,000, with over 20,000 Twitter followers, the fan support has been incredible... I think its important for a film to have just one vision, that's something that I have been inspired by from seeing George Romero's earlier work, and I believe that for *INVASION* to be a hit world wide, I can't risk losing any creative control

to the studios or any big backers, which is why I chose to ask the fans to believe in me and my project...

Ames to creator controlled (and owned) work. That's a quality that I very much admire in any medium I enjoy. Whether it be comics, film or right here in Fire Mass. That's 470 pre-orders as we speak right now in the beginning of February. I did but any fear of those producers wanting to tell you what direction to take your movie? How are things on the FX end, digital, traditional, or both?

No fear of that, I made sure that I didn't mention on the pre-order packages that they would get a right to choose the direction, otherwise it would be a real mess, 470 people all loving different things about horror movies, my hope is that if they love the same movies as me, *DAWN OF THE DEAD*, *THE THING*, *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, *SHAUN OF THE DEAD*, then hopefully they will be able to add *INVASION* to that list, so I guess it all comes down to faith with my project, first of all faith that I will even make the film, and it amazes me that nearly 500 people have already put their faith in me, I know we now have a teaser promo to show off, but back in the first few months it was just my word, so it was amazing to have people take that initial leap of faith, but going back to Twitter, that's how incredible that networking site is, I was able to show my true passion for making this film happen, it's the one on one communication that helps get people excited, I have had people follow me for months, and then out of nowhere they buy, with a message saying glad to see your site fund raising and haven't given up, now you can count me in. But saying that my producers get no control but completely true, every ship needs a captain, but I will listen to any good ideas anyone has, and you will often find me on Twitter asking for opinions on things, I am all about making the film the best it can be, and in no way, shape or form do I think I am an expert, I just know what I love about horror films, I am I hope to put my horror geekiness to the test. I am glad you touched upon the FX, there is one thing that makes me OUTRAGED when watching horror films of today and that's their over use of CGI, and bad use of it in most films, I find that when you get a bad CGI gore scene, you are very quickly brought out of that world, a world the filmmaker had spent a good portion of the film convincing you was real, if you follow me on Twitter you will know how passionate I am about NOT having any CGI gone, I will be using CGI and matte effects to make the film seem bigger than it is, like for example in the *THING*, when they walk around the big crater, or in the *Descent*, when you see huge shots of the tunnels, I find the best CGI is when you don't know if it is or not. I am speaking with a few companies right now, so it's a very exciting time for the project, we have a Hollywood special fx artist attached called Rich Knight (Roe Wolf, Posidon, Rocky Balboa) so we know the film is the right hands...

With movies like those you listed as inspiration I have no doubt your movie will rock. I totally agree



with you about Twitter. Twitter has been my primary tool for gathering up the contributors for Fire

Mass and getting the word out on it. We are both getting to utilize a tool that simply didn't exist for our predecessors. It's truly amazing. Looking beyond *Invasion* what else would you like to do in a creative sense?

WOW, when you live and breath something for as long as I have with *INVASION* coming up to three years now, and still knowing that I have three of these films to make (it is after all a planned trilogy) I find it very hard to think about what I will do next, that's the problem with having 100% passion and commitment, you can't look past your current project, but if I was to have a sneak peek into my future, it would be to do a bit of traveling, maybe start a family (that has to be the ultimate creative project) & settle down with my long suffering girlfriend Katie, she has been my inspiration through this last couple of years, her faith in me towards my project has been incredible and she deserves a good holiday and me not talking about the film or the project every hour of every day of her life, Ha Ha...

Great answer. I'll wrap our conversation up now with a major question for you. You're backed into an alley by a horde of zombies. You can have one character from a movie to help you out. Who would it be?

Ha Ha, its 344mm here in the UK as of writing this, and I was hoping not to have to sit here and get my brain working again, ok, wait, let me see now, zombies coming at me, in an alley. First off if there was a ZOMBIE infestation, the last place I would ever go to is an alley, but for now I will play your game, by your rules, so you have me in an alley, possibly at a dead end, and I can now choose a character to help me out, humm, so many to choose from, do I go with the ROCK to bang through them, the Terminator to machine gun them to pieces, maybe Jason could go on a rampage, wait, that one, I am going with JASON VOORHEES, I just think it would be amazing to have a JASON VS ZOMBIES cross over, it couldn't be any worse than JASON VS FREDDY, never have I been so insulted by a franchise before, haha...

For the record I choose Darth Vader for myself. Thanks a bunch and get some sleep!

Ha Ha, Darth Vader is a good choice if you want to use the dark side of the force, but since technically JASON is a zombie, I figured having him kill his own was perfect. Ha Ha.



Address Label